



AT THE OPERA.—"EARS DOWN IN FRONT, PLEASE!"

THE LITTLE SHADOW FOLK.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

WHAT time the round moon kindles on windy wintry eves, And murmurs stir those gossips, the sere old oaken leaves, A troop of kin from Nowhere go faring to and fro — The nimble little shadow folk that dance upon the snow.	They race across the valley, they fleet along the hill, And yet we hear no laughter, their frolic is so still; And what their jolly games are, alas! we may not know — The merry little shadow folk that dance upon the snow.
---	--

They glide, they leap, they waver,—they twist, they intertwine; They break in tortuous turnings, they join in freakish line; Their arms with knots are gnarly, their legs are all a-bow — The elfish little shadow folk that dance upon the snow.	Their daytime is our night-time, their night- time is our day, And they are sound in slumber when we are out at play; For when the dawn looks ruddy, swift off to bed they go — The sleepy little shadow folk that dance upon the snow.
--	--